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S E R M O N V.

ON PROVERBS xxii. 6.

*Train up a child in the way wherein he should go, and
when he is old, he will not depart from it.*

1. **W**E must not imagine, that these words are to be understood in an absolute sense, as if no child that had been trained up in the way wherein he should go, had ever departed from it. Matter of fact will by no means agree with this. So far from it, that it has been a common observation, Some of the best parents have had the worst children. It is true, this might sometimes be the case, because good men have not always a good understanding. And without this it is hardly to be expected, that they will know how to train up their children. Besides, those who are in other respects good men, have often too much easiness of temper: so that they go no farther in restraining their children from evil, than old *Eli* did, when he said gently, *Nay, my sons, the report I hear of you is not good.* This then is no contradiction to the assertion; for their children are not *trained up in the way wherein they should go.* But it must be acknowledged, some have been trained up therein with all possible care and diligence; and yet before they were old, yea, in the strength of their years, they did utterly depart from it.

2. The words then must be understood with some limitation, and then they contain an unquestionable truth.

It is a general, though not an universal promise, and many have found the happy accomplishment of it. As this is the most probable method for making their children pious, which any parents can take, so it generally, although not always, meets with the desired success. The God of their fathers is with their children: he blesses their endeavours: and they have the satisfaction of leaving their religion, as well as their worldly substance, to those that descend from them.

3. But what is *the way wherein* a child *should go*? And how shall we *train them up* therein? The ground of this is admirably well laid down by Mr. *Law*, in his “*Serious Call to a devout Life*.” Part of his words are,—

“Had we continued perfect, as God created the first man, perhaps the perfection of our nature had been a sufficient self-instructor for every one. But as sickness and diseases have created the necessity of medicines and physicians, so the disorders of our rational nature have introduced the necessity of education and tutors.

“And as the only end of the physician is to restore nature to its own state, so the only end of education is to restore our rational nature to its proper state. Education, therefore, is to be considered, as reason borrowed at second-hand, which is, as far as it can, to supply the loss of original perfection. And as physic may justly be called the art of restoring health, so education should be considered in no other light, than as the art of recovering to man his rational perfection.

“This was the end pursued by the youths that attended upon *Pythagoras*, *Socrates*, and *Plato*. Their every day lessons and instructions were so many lectures upon the nature of man, his true end, and the right use of his faculties: upon the immortality of the soul, its relation to God; the agreeableness of virtue to the divine nature; upon the necessity of temperance, justice, mercy, and truth, and the folly of indulging our passions.

“Now as christianity has, as it were, new created the moral and religious world, and set every thing that is

reasonable, wise, holy, and desirable, in its true point of light: so one would expect that the education of children should be as much mended by christianity, as the doctrines of religion are.

“As it has introduced a new state of things, and so fully informed us of the nature of man and the end of his creation: as it has fixed all our goods and evils, taught us the means of purifying our souls, of pleasing God and being happy eternally: one might naturally suppose that every christian country abounded with schools, not only for teaching a few questions and answers of a catechism, but for the forming, training and practising children in such a course of life, as the sublimest doctrines of christianity require.

“An education under *Pythagoras* or *Socrates* had no other end but to teach children, to think, judge, and act as *Pythagoras* and *Socrates* used.

“And is it not reasonable to suppose that a christian education should have no other end, but to teach them how to think and judge and act according to the strictest rules of christianity?

“At least one would suppose, that in all christian schools the teaching them to begin their lives in the spirit of christianity, in such abstinence, humility, sobriety and devotion as christianity requires, should not only be more, but a hundred times more regarded than any or all things else.

“For those that educate us should imitate our guardian angels, suggest nothing to our minds, but what is wise and holy; help us to discover every false judgment of our minds, and to subdue every wrong passion of our hearts.

“And it is as reasonable to expect and require all this benefit from a christian education, as to require that physic should strengthen all that is right in our nature, and remove all our diseases.”

4. Let it be carefully remembered all this time, That God, not man, is the physician of souls: that it is He and none else, who *giveth medicine to heal our natural*

sickness: that all the help which is done upon earth, he doth it himself: that none of all the children of men is able to bring a clean thing out of an unclean: and in a word, that it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do of his good pleasure. But it is generally his pleasure to work by his creatures: to help man by man. He honors men to be, in this sense, *workers together with him.* By this means the reward is ours, while the glory redounds to him.

5. This being premised, in order to see distinctly, What is the way wherein we should train up a child, let us consider, What are the diseases of his nature? What are those spiritual diseases, which every one that is born of a woman, brings with him into the world?

Is not the first of these *Atheism*? After all that has been so plausibly written concerning "the innate idea of God:" after all that has been said, of its being common to all men, in all ages and nations: it does not appear, that man has naturally any more idea of God, than any of the beasts of the field: he has no knowledge of God at all; no fear of God at all; neither is God in all his thoughts. Whatever change may afterwards be wrought (whether by the grace of God, or by his own reflection, or by education) he is by nature a mere *Atheist*.

6. Indeed it may be said, that every man is by nature, as it were, his own god. He worships himself. He is, in his own conception, absolute Lord of himself. *Dryden's* hero speaks only according to nature, when he says, "Myself am king of *me*." He seeks himself in all things. He pleases himself. And why not? Who is Lord over him? *His own will* is his only law: he does this or that, because it is his good pleasure. In the same spirit as the son of the morning said of old time—*I will sit upon the sides of the north*, he says "*I will do thus or thus.*" And do we not find sensible men on every side, who are of the self-same spirit? who, if asked, "Why did you do this?" will readily answer, "Because I had a mind to it."

7. Another evil disease which every human soul brings into the world with him, is *Pride*; a continual proneness to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. Every man can discern more or less of this disease, in every one,—but himself. And indeed, if he could discern it in himself, it would subsist no longer: for he would then in consequence think of himself, just as he ought to think.

8. The next disease, natural to every human soul, born with every man, is *Love of the world*. Every man is by nature a lover of the creature, instead of the Creator: a *lover of pleasure*, in every kind, *more than a lover of God*. He is a slave to foolish and hurtful desires, in one kind or another; either to the *desire of the flesh*, the *desire of the eyes*, or the *pride of life*. The *desire of the flesh* is, a propensity to seek happiness in what gratifies one or more of the outward senses. The *desire of the eyes* is, a propensity to seek happiness in what gratifies the internal sense, the imagination, either by things grand, or new, or beautiful. The *pride of life* seems to mean, a propensity to seek happiness in what gratifies the sense of honour. To this head is usually referred, the *love of money*, one of the basest passions that can have place in the human heart. But it may be doubted, whether this be not an acquired, rather than a natural, distemper.

9. Whether this be a natural disease or not, it is certain, *Anger* is. The ancient philosopher defines it, “A sense of injury received, with a desire of revenge.” Now, was there ever any one born of a woman, who did not labour under this? Indeed, like other diseases of the mind, it is far more violent in some than in others. But it is *furor brevis*, as the poet speaks: it is a real, though short madness, wherever it is.

10. A deviation from *Truth* is equally natural to all the children of men. One said in his haste, *All men are liars*: but we may say, upon cool reflection, All natural men will, upon a close temptation, vary from, or disguise, the truth. If they do not offend against

veracity, if they do not say what is false, yet they frequently offend against *simplicity*. They use art: they hang out false colours; they practise either simulation or dissimulation. So that you cannot truly say of any person living, till grace has altered nature, *Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!*

11. Every one is likewise prone by nature, to speak or act contrary to *Justice*. This is another of the diseases which we bring with us into the world. All human creatures are naturally partial to themselves, and when opportunity offers, have more regard to their own interest or pleasure, than strict justice allows. Neither is any man by nature *merciful*, as our heavenly Father is merciful: but all more or less transgress that glorious rule of mercy as well as justice, *Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, the same do unto them.*

12. Now if these are the general diseases of human nature, is it not the great end of education to cure them? And is it not the part of all those to whom God has entrusted the education of children, to take all possible care, first, not to increase, not to feed any of these diseases (as the generality of parents constantly do) and next, to use every possible means of healing them?

13. To come to particulars. What can parents do, and mothers more especially, to whose care our children are necessarily committed in their tender years, with regard to the *Atheism* that is natural to all the children of men? How is this fed by the generality of parents, even those that love, or at least fear, God. while in spending hours, perhaps days with their children, they hardly name the name of God? Meantime, they talk of a thousand other things in the world that is round about them. Will not then the things of the present world, which surround these children on every side, naturally take up their thoughts, and set God at a greater distance from them (if that be possible) than he was before? Do not parents feed the atheism of their children farther, by ascribing the works of creation to *nature*?

Does not the common way of talking about nature, leave God quite out of the question? Do they not feed this disease, whenever they talk in the hearing of their children, of any thing *happening* so or so? Of things coming by *chance*? Of good or ill *fortune*? As also when they ascribe this or that event, to the wisdom or power of men: or indeed to any other second causes, as if these governed the world? Yea, do they not feed it unawares, while they are talking of their own wisdom or goodness, or power to do this or that, without expressly mentioning, that all these are the gift of God? All this tends to confirm the Atheism of their children, and to keep God out of their thoughts.

14. But we are by no means clear of their blood, if we only go thus far, if we barely do not feed their disease. What can be done to cure it? From the first dawn of reason continually inculcate, God is in this and every place. God made you, and me, and the earth, and the sun, and the moon, and every thing. And every thing is his: heaven and earth, and all that is therein. God orders all things: he makes the sun shine, and the wind blow, and the trees bear fruit. Nothing comes by chance: that is a silly word: there is no such thing as chance. As God made the world, so he governs the world, and every thing that is in it. Not so much as a sparrow falls to the ground, without the will of God. And as he governs all things, so he governs all men, good and bad, little and great. He gives them all the power and wisdom they have. And he over-rules all. He gives us all the goodness we have: every good thought, and word, and work are from him. Without him we can neither think any thing right, nor do any thing right. Thus it is, we are to inculcate upon them, That God is all in all.

15. Thus may we counter-act, and by the grace of God assisting us, gradually cure the natural Atheism of our children. But what can we do to cure their *self-will*? It is equally rooted in their nature, and is indeed the original idolatry, which is not confined to one

age or country, but is common to all the nations under heaven. And how few parents are to be found, even among christians, even among them that truly fear God, who are not guilty in this matter? Who do not continually feed and increase this grievous distemper in their children? To let them have their own will does this most effectually. To let them take their own way, is the sure method of increasing their self-will sevenfold. But who has the resolution to do otherwise? One parent in a hundred? Who can be so singular, so cruel, as not more or less to *humour* her child? "And why should you not? What harm can there be in this, which every body does?" The harm is, that it strengthens their will more and more, till it will neither bow to God nor man. To humour children is, as far as in us lies, to make their disease incurable. A wise parent, on the other hand, should begin to break their will, the first moment it appears. In the whole art of christian education there is nothing more important than this. The will of the parent is to a little child in the place of the will of God. Therefore studiously teach them to submit to this while they are children, that they may be ready to submit to his will, when they are men. But in order to carry this point, you will need incredible firmness and resolution. For after you have once begun, you must never more give way. You must hold on still in an even course: you must never intermit your attention for one hour; otherwise you lose your labour.

16. If you are not willing to lose all the labour you have been at, to break the will of your child, to bring his will into subjection to yours, that it may be afterward subject to the will of God, there is one advice, which, though little known, should be particularly attended to. It may seem a small circumstance: but it is of more consequence than one can easily imagine. It is this; never, on any account, give a child any thing that it cries for. For it is a true observation (and you may make the experiment as often as you please) If

you give a child what he cries for, you *pay him for crying*: and then he will certainly cry again. "But if I do not give it him when he cries, he will scream all day long." If he does, it is your own fault; for it is in your power, effectually to prevent it. For no mother need suffer a child to cry aloud after it is a year old. "Why, it is impossible to hinder it." So many suppose; but it is an entire mistake. I am a witness of the direct contrary; and so are many others. My own mother had ten children, each of whom had spirit enough; yet not one of them was ever heard to cry aloud, after it was a year old. A gentlewoman of *Sheffield* (several of whose children I suppose are alive still) assured me, she had the same success, with regard to her eight children. When some were objecting to the possibility of this, Mr. *Parson Greenwood* (well known in the North of *England*) replied, "This cannot be impossible: I have had the proof of it in my own family. Nay, of more than this. I had six children by my former wife. And she suffered none of them to cry aloud, after they were ten months old. And yet none of their spirits were so broken, as to unfit them for any of the offices of life." This therefore may be done by any woman of sense, who may thereby save herself abundance of trouble, and prevent that disagreeable noise, the squawling of young children, from being heard under her roof. But I allow, none but a woman of sense, will be able to effect this. Yea, and a woman of such patience and resolution, as only the grace of God can give. However, this is doubtless the more excellent way: and she that is able to receive it, let her receive it!

It is hard to say, whether self-will or *pride* be the more fatal distemper. It was chiefly pride that threw down so many of the stars of heaven, and turned angels into devils. But what can parents do, in order to check this until it can be radically cured?

First, beware of adding fuel to the flame, of feeding the disease which you should cure. Almost all pa-

rents are guilty of doing this by praising their children to their face. If you are sensible of the folly and cruelty of this, see that you sacredly abstain from it. And in spite of either fear or complaisance, go one step farther. Not only do not encourage, but do not suffer others, to do what you dare not do yourself. How few parents are sufficiently aware of this? Or at least sufficiently resolute to practise it? To check every one at the first word, that would praise them before their face. Even those who would not on any account "sit attentive to their own applause," nevertheless do not scruple to sit attentive to the applause of their children? Yea, and that to their face! O consider! Is not this the spreading a net for their feet? Is it not a grievous incentive to pride, even if they are praised, for what is truly praise-worthy? Is it not doubly hurtful, if they are praised for things not truly praise-worthy? Things of an indifferent nature, as sense, good breeding, beauty, elegance of apparel! This is liable not only to hurt the heart, but the understanding also. It has a manifest and direct tendency, to infuse pride and folly together: to pervert both their taste and judgment, teaching them to value what is dung and dross in the sight of God.

18. If on the contrary, you desire, without loss of time to strike at the root of their pride, teach your children, as soon as possibly you can, that they are fallen spirits; that they are fallen short of that glorious image of God, wherein they were at first created; that they are not now, as they were once, incorruptible pictures of the God of glory; bearing the express likeness of the Wise, the Good, the Holy Father of spirits; but more ignorant, more foolish, and more wicked, than they can possibly conceive. Shew them, that in pride, passion, and revenge, they are now like the devil. And that in foolish desires and grovelling appetites, they are like the beasts of the field, and watch over them diligently in this respect, that whenever occasion

offers, you may "Pride in its earliest motions find," and check the very first appearance of it.

If you ask, "But how shall I encourage them when they do well, if I am never to commend them?" I answer, I did not affirm this: I did not say, "You are *never* to commend them." I know, many writers assert this, and writers of eminent piety. They say, To commend man, is to rob God, and therefore condemn it altogether. But what say the scriptures? I read there, that our Lord himself frequently commended his own disciples: and the great apostle scruples not to commend the Corinthians, Philippians, and divers others to whom he writes. We may not therefore condemn this altogether. But I say, use it exceeding sparingly. And when you use it, let it be with the utmost caution, directing them at the same moment, to look upon all they have as the free gift of God, and with the deepest self-abasement to say, *Not unto us! Not unto us! but unto thy name give the praise!*

19. Next to self-will and pride, the most fatal disease with which we are born is, *Love of the World*. But how studiously do the generality of parents cherish this in its several branches? They cherish *the desire of the flesh*, that is, the tendency to seek happiness in pleasing the outward senses, by studying to "enlarge the pleasure of tasting in their children to the uttermost:" not only giving them before they are weaned other things beside milk, the natural food of children, but giving them both before and after, any sort of meat or drink that they will take. Yea, they entice them long before nature requires it, to take wine, or strong drink; and provide them with comfits, ginger-bread, raisins, and whatever fruit they have a mind to. They feed in them *the desire of the eyes*, the propensity to seek happiness in pleasing the imagination, by giving them pretty play things, glittering toys, shining buckles or buttons, fine clothes, red shoes, laced hats, needleless ornaments, as ribbons, necklaces, ruffles: yea, and by proposing any of these as *rewards* for doing their duty, which is stamp-

ing a great value upon them. With equal care and attention they cherish in them the third branch of the love of the world, *the pride of life*, the propensity to seek their happiness in *the honour that cometh of men*. Nor is the love of money forgotten: many an exhortation do they hear, on “securing the main chance;” many a lecture exactly agreeing with that of the old heathen,

Si possis, recède; si non, quocunque modo rem.

Get money honestly if you can; but if not; get money.

And they are carefully taught, to look on riches and honour as the reward of all their labours.

20. In direct opposition to all this, a wise and truly kind parent, will take the utmost care, not to cherish in her children the desire of the flesh, their natural propensity to seek happiness in gratifying the outward sense. With this view she will suffer them to taste no food but milk till they are weaned: (which a thousand experiments shew is most safely and easily done at the end of the seventh-month.) And then accustom them to the most simple food, chiefly of vegetables. She may innure them to taste only one food, beside bread, at dinner, and constantly to breakfast and sup on milk, either cold or heated; but not boiled. She may use them to sit by her at meals and ask for nothing, but take what is given them. She need never, till they are at least nine or ten years old, let them know the taste of tea, or use any other drink at meals, but water or small beer. And they will never desire to taste either meat or drink between meals, if not accustomed thereto. If fruit, comfits, or any thing of the kind be given them, let them not touch it but at meals. And never propose any of these as a reward; but teach them to look higher than this.

But herein a difficulty will arise, which it will need much resolution to conquer. Your servants who will not understand your plan, will be continually giving little

things to your children, and thereby undoing all your work. This you must prevent, if possible, by warning them when they first come into your house, and repeating the warning from time to time. If they *will* do it notwithstanding, you must turn them away. Better lose a good servant than spoil a good child.

Possibly you may have another difficulty to encounter, and one of a still more trying nature. Your mother, or your husbands mother, may live with you; and you will do well to shew her all possible respect. But let her on no account have the least share in the management of your children. She would undo all that you had done: she would give them their own will in all things. She would humour them to the destruction of their souls if not of their bodies too. In fourscore years I have not met with one woman that knew how to manage grand-children. My own mother who governed her children so well, could never govern one grand-child. In every other point obey your mother. Give up your will to hers. But with regard to the management of your children, steadily keep the reins in your own hands.

21. A wise and kind parent will be equally cautious, of feeding *the desire of the eyes* in her children. She will give them no pretty play things, no glittering toys, shining buckles or buttons, fine or gay clothes: no needless ornaments of any kind; nothing that can attract the eye. Nor will she suffer any other person to give them what she will not give them herself. Any thing of the kind that is offered, may be either civilly refused, or received and laid by. If they are displeased at this, you cannot help it. Complaisance, yea, and temporal interest, must needs be set aside, when the eternal interests of your children are at stake.

Your pains will be well requited, if you can inspire them early, with a contempt of all finery; and on the other hand, with a love and esteem, for neat plainness of dress. Teaching them to associate the ideas of plainness and modesty: and those of a fine and a loose wo-

man. Likewise instil into them as early as possible a fear and contempt of pomp and grandeur, an abhorrence and dread of the love of money, and a deep conviction, that riches cannot give happiness. Wean them therefore from all these false ends: habituate them to make God their end in all things, and inure them in all they do, to aim at knowing, loving, and serving God.

22. Again, The generality of parents feed *anger* in their children, yea the worst part of it, that is, revenge. The silly mother says, "What hurt my child! Give me a blow for it." What horrid work is this? Will not the old murderer teach them this lesson fast enough? Let the christian parent spare no pains, to teach them just the contrary. Remind them of the words of our blessed Lord, *It was said of old, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil. Not by returning evil for evil. Rather than this, if a man take away thy cloak, let him take thy coat also.* Remind them of the words of the great apostle, *Dear! beloved, Avenge not yourselves. For it is written, Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord.*

23. The generality of parents feed and increase the natural *falsehood* of their children. How often may we hear that senseless word? "No, it was not *you*; it was not my child that did it: say, it was the *cat*." What amazing folly is this? Do you feel no remorse, while you are putting a lie in the mouth of your child, before it can speak plain? And do not you think, it will make good proficiency, when it comes to years of discretion? Others teach them both dissimulation and lying, by their unreasonable severity: and yet others, by admiring and applauding their ingenious lies and cunning tricks. Let the wise parent on the contrary, teach them to *put away all lying*, and both in little things and great, in jest or earnest, speak the very truth from their heart. Teach them that the author of all falsehood is the devil, who *is a liar, and the father of it.* Teach them to abhor and despise, not only all lying,

but all equivocating, all cunning and dissimulation. Use every means to give them a love of truth: of veracity, sincerity and simplicity, and of openness both of spirit and behaviour.

24. Most parents increase the natural tendency to *injustice* in their children, by conniving at their wronging each other, if not laughing at, or even applauding their witty contrivances to cheat one another. Beware of every thing of this kind: and from their very infancy, sow the seeds of justice in their hearts; and train them up in the exactest practice of it. If possible, teach them the love of justice, and that in the least things, as well as the greatest. Impress upon their minds the old proverb, "He that will steal a penny will steal a pound." Habituate them to render unto all their due, even to the uttermost farthing.

25. Many parents connive, likewise, at the *Ill-nature* of their children, and thereby strengthen it. But truly affectionate parents will not indulge them in any kind or degree of *Unmercifulness*. They will not suffer them to vex their brothers or sisters, either by word or deed. They will not allow them to hurt or give pain to any thing that has life. They will not permit them to rob birds-nests, much less to kill any thing without necessity: not even snakes, which are as innocent as worms; or toads, which, notwithstanding their ugliness, and the ill name they lie under, have been proved, over and over, to be as harmless as flies. Let them extend in its measure, the rule of doing as they would be done by, to every animal whatsoever. Ye that are truly kind parents, in the morning, in the evening, and all the day beside, press upon all your children to *walk in love, as Christ loved us, and gave himself for us*: to mind that one point, *God is love: and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him*.

A short Account of Mr. SAMPSON STANFORTH; in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. WESLEY.

[Continued from page 211.]

ABOUT this time, *John Hyatt* and I, with two more, being one night met together at the preaching-room, one *Richardson*, a sailor, who once ran well, but had for some time turned back to folly, earnestly desired to meet with us. The more we prayed for him, the more his sorrows increased; till his cries were so loud, they almost drowned our voices. After the rest, I began to pray a second time. He fell back, and began beating himself against the floor, so that we could hardly hold him down. I prayed on. Suddenly he gave a spring out of our hands, jumped up, clasped his hands, and cried out, "He is come! He is come! Jesus is mine! My soul is happy!" By this many of the neighbours burst in, thinking we were killing one another. He went home rejoicing in the Lord, and in two or three days went to sea. But we never heard of him since. So I trust, he is gone to paradise.

In the midst of much outward reproach, I now felt many inward conflicts. I found the remains of inward corruption, and earnestly longed to be delivered from them. So much the more were evil reports spread, even by good men, who followed not with us. And I always observed, the more devoted to God we were, the more did the enemy rage.

The disturbances at the time of preaching were now so great, that I was obliged to apply to a magistrate. But after a few of the rioters were taken up, we had peace, and our congregation increased. I then appointed a meeting on Thursday evenings, wherein I read part of one of your sermons. Some of your preachers likewise came down from *London*, and the congregations increased so that the room could not

contain them. I consulted *you*. You advised me to get a piece of ground and build. I immediately opened a subscription, and having procured ground, desired three builders to give in their proposals. This was in the year 1757. As soon as the building was finished (which with the galleries, cost two hundred and twenty-five pounds) I paid the master-builder what I could, and offered him a note for the rest. He said, "No: your word is sufficient." I was also in debt to my meal-men: yet I durst not withhold my hand from the cause of God and the poor: though I stood alone, not having one to help, or stand engaged with me.

It was about six years before I could discharge this debt; I then gave up the lease to *you*. I had for some time had thoughts of preaching; but they were now stronger than ever. So I gave now and then a few words of exhortation, and I was so engaged herein, I could not retreat. Whenever I thought of desisting, I was unhappy. I then made it matter of earnest prayer, till I durst delay no longer, but with much fear and trembling, undertook to preach on those nights when the preachers did not come, though my fear was so great that it sometimes affected my body. For some time I preached at *Deptford* only; but on my signifying my desires to *you*, you accepted me, and gave me a little to do in town.

My time was now fully employed. I had my own business to mind, together with that of the society. I was preacher, steward, visitor of the sick, and leader of the bands and classes. Meantime I had many reproaches, both from others, and from our own people. But God blessed me in all these things, and gave me to see some fruit of my labour. For from time to time some were convinced of sin, and others justified. And, indeed, had it not been for this encouragement, I could not have continued to preach.

In the year 1760, both my labours and my trials increased. I was made one of the four constables of our parish; and on October 27th, I was sent for to the

bench to be sworn in. Many laughed, and many gazed at me as a monster; but my soul was composed and happy in God. When they called me to take the oath, I told them, "I cannot in conscience." One from the bench cried out, "Fine him twenty pounds, and he will swear any thing." I answered him, "No, Sir, not for twenty worlds." After many more words, the chairman said, "Mr. *Staniforth*, shall I make an oath for you?" I said, "Sir, if you please." He then proposed the following, to which I had no objection: "*Sampson Staniforth*, of the parish of *Greenwich*, is by us appointed, to serve the office of constable for one year, in the best manner he can, according to his own way of thinking."

When we were dismissed, I gave my partners to understand, that I should be punctual in the execution of my office. And one of them being a great swearer, I told him, "You must not swear before *me*, as I will make you pay for it." When the quarter sessions came on, the high-constable summoned all the constables in the hundred (four and twenty) to meet. When I came into the room, one and another cried out, "No swearing now!" After dinner they drank the king's health, which I drank, and a second, which I drank in water. The next man cried with a loud voice, "Here is Dr. *Squintum's* health." When it came to me, I stopped, and he said, "What, Mr. *Staniforth*, will you not drink that health?" I answered, "I pray God to bless that good man, and give him health and length of days." I then left the room. And from that time they left me to do just as I would. This was a trying year, but God enabled me to give satisfaction to the parish, while I found his presence always with me, and my soul prospered much. I was the next year overseer of the poor: but I had three good partners, and passed thro' the year with great ease.

About this time I had a remarkable deliverance. The conveniency belonging to my house and my neighbour's was a heavy brick building. Just as I came out

of it one day it fell down : had it been a minute sooner, I should have been buried in the ruins.

It was now the great revival of the work of God began. Observing some wild-fire mixed with that holy and heavenly flame, I endeavoured gently to check it both in public and private, exhorting all to keep close to the written word ; to hold fast whatever was agreeable to the Scriptures, and let all the rest go.

In the year 1764, I was sent for by Mr. M. to his house. The messenger told me, He wanted to speak with me, and I must come immediately. When I came, I found the *Grecian* bishop with him, who ordained me and three more. But finding it would offend my brethren, I have never availed myself of it to this hour.

God now gave me, what I had so long desired, to owe no man any thing : and I went on cheerfully, though not without many temptations, both within and without. But I still resolved to lay out myself, and my substance for the cause of God and the good of souls. And he was still pleased to give me some tokens for good, both in preaching and visiting the sick.

There now came into our neighbourhood one Mr. B. a dissenting minister, a man of strong sense and great learning. He applied to me to serve him with bread. He was open and free in his conversation ; but of a warm temper. He often called upon me, and we commonly got into dispute, particularly about original sin, and justification, in which I always found great freedom of speech and enlargement of heart. One night he stayed to supper, and as he declined it, I asked a blessing, concluding, as usual, with, " for the sake of Jesus Christ." Observing he smiled, I said, after supper, " Sir, Is it not for *his* sake, that we receive every blessing ?" This introduced a warm dispute, till he rose up in a great rage, and striking his hand upon the table, said, " I expect no more benefit from the blood of Christ, than from the blood of a bull." From this time we did not converse together, till he fell sick and was visited by Mr. Dornford. He asked him, Whether

he knew Mr. *Staniforth*? And begged, he would send me to him. Mr. *D.* told me, but before he spoke to me, a letter came, desiring me to come immediately. He received me with great kindness. I spoke to him of the nature and necessity of repentance, and shewed it was needful to feel our original corruption, as well as our actual sins. While I was speaking, the tears ran down his cheeks, and my soul was much drawn out to God for him. I asked, "Shall I go to prayer?" He said, "By all means: and may God hear your prayer?" Afterwards, he said, "Dear Mr. *Staniforth*, my time is short: be with me as much as you can." This was Thursday. On Friday I went again, both morning and afternoon. I spoke closely to him, and repeated what he said at my house. He said, "I thank God and you that I see my error. O pray for me!" On Saturday likewise I was with him twice; and he felt more and more the need of a Saviour. I then said, "Christ must be equal with the Father, or he cannot atone for our sins." He answered, "He is: and I believe he is able to save all that come to God through him." We then prayed to Him with joy and confidence, and praised God together. On Sunday I was with him twice. The second time (which was about eight in the evening) he said, He should live but a few hours. I asked, "What is the ground of your hope of heaven?" He replied, "The mercy of God, through the merits of my dear Redeemer, and my soul is happy in him." I said, "Then your sentiments are greatly changed." He said, "Yes. Blessed be God for his grace, and you as his instrument. I now know, there is no way of salvation but through Jesus Christ." He kissed my hand, and about eight hours after gave up his soul to God.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS ON THE WRITINGS

OF

BARON SWEDENBORG.

By the Rev. John Wesley.

[Continued from page 218.]

22. **M**ANY of the preceding errors are not small; neither are they of little importance. But of far greater importance are the accounts he gives us, "Concerning heaven and hell." I have now his treatise on this subject lying before me: a few extracts from which I shall lay before the reader.

"Many learned christians, when they find themselves after death in a body, in garments, and in houses, are in amazement."

And well they may be: since the scripture gives us not the least intimation of any such thing.

"I have conversed with all whom I knew in the body, after their departure from it: with some, for months, with some a year: and with many others, in all, I suppose a hundred thousand; many of whom were in heaven, and many in hell."

Perhaps, in a course of years, the gentleman of Argos might see one hundred thousand actors.

"Spirits are men in human form: and still they see, hear, and enjoy their senses."

"When they enter the other world, they retain the same face and voice that they had before. But after a time, these are changed, according to their predominant affection, into beauty or deformity."

"As soon as they arrive, all who were relations, friends, or acquaintance before, meet and converse together, having a perfect remembrance of each other."

But they are soon parted, according to the different lives they had led, and no more see or know one another."

"Arians find no place in heaven, but are gradually divested of the power of thinking right on any subject. At length they either become mutes, or else talk foolishly, moping about with their arms hanging down before them, like paralytics or idiots."

"When a man dies, he is equally in the body as before, nor is there to all appearance the least difference; only it is a spiritual body, freed from all the grossness of matter. So he seems to himself to be as he was in this world, and knows not as yet that he has passed through death. He possesses every outward and inward sense that he possessed before; and he who took delight in studying, reads and writes as before. He leaves nothing behind him, but his earthly covering: he takes with him his memory; retaining all that he ever heard, saw, read, learned, or thought in the world, from his infancy to his leaving it."

Who is able to reconcile this, either with scripture, philosophy, or common sense?

"After death the examining angels inspect a man's face, and commence their inquest; which begins at the fingers of each hand, and is from thence continued throughout the whole body."

Was ever so odd a thing imagined, as this examining of spirits from the fingers' ends?

23. "The new comers are tried by good spirits. They are known from turning themselves frequently to certain points of the compass, and from taking the ways that lead thereto, when they are left alone."

"Men eminently holy are taken to heaven immediately after death, and men eminently wicked, cast into hell. But most spirits go through three states, before they enter either hell or heaven."

"In the first, men do not know that they are dead. This may continue a week, a month, a year. Men and their wives commonly continue together a longer or

shorter time, according as they agreed in this world. But if they had lived in variance, they usually break into strife and quarrelling, even unto fighting. Yet they are not totally separated, till they enter their second state."

"The second state is their inferior state, in which both the good and bad, being stripped of all disguise and all self-deceit, see and shew what spirit they are of."

"The third state is a state of instruction for them to go to heaven."

"But few spirits go to heaven, till they have undergone vastation. This is performed in subterraneous places, where some pass through very painful discipline. Here they are divested of all earthly affections, without which admission into heaven would be attended with danger. The region appointed for vastation is under the feet, and surrounded with infernals. Evil spirits are employed in the vastations of the good."

Then the wicked do not cease from troubling, neither are the weary at rest!

How exceedingly small is the difference, between the Romish and the mystic purgatory?

24. "Spirits that desire to go to heaven, are told, that God denies entrance into heaven to no one; and if they desire it, they may be admitted into it and stay there. Some of them accordingly were admitted. But no sooner did they enter, than they were struck with the influx of the heavenly light, and seized with such a heart-felt agony, that they were racked with infernal pains, and being mad with anguish, cast themselves down headlong."

"Sometimes hypocrites insinuate themselves into heaven. But they presently feel an inward anguish, on which they cast themselves headlong into hell among their fellows."

But how did they pass the *great gulph*? Is it filled up since the time of Dives and Lazarus?

25. Let us now consider what account the Baron gives of the *inhabitants* of heaven.

"God sometimes appears in heaven in an angelical form, but commonly as a sun: not horizontally or vertically, but before the face of the angels, in a middle attitude. He appears in two places, in one before the right eye, in the other before the left eye. Before the right, he appears as a perfect sun; before the left, as a bright moon, of the same size with our moon, and surrounded with many lesser moons."

How agrees this poor, low, childish account, with that grand one of the apostles, *Who dwelleth in the light which no man can approach, whom no man hath seen, or can see*, 1 Tim. vi. 6. No nor men. Angels as the Baron calls them.

"There is not an angel in heaven that was created such, nor a devil, that was once a good angel: but all the angels and all the devils were formerly men upon earth."

This grand position of the Baron which ruins all his works, That "all angels and devils were once men," without which his whole hypothesis falls to the ground, is palpably contrary to scripture. We read in the 28th chapter of Job, *When I laid the foundations of the earth, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.* But man was not yet created. Therefore these sons of God were not, nor ever had been men.

On the other hand, we read, 2 Cor. xi. 3, *The serpent*, that is, the devil, *beguiled Eve through his subtilty.* But this devil could not have been a man: for Abel, the first man that died, was not yet born.

"The angels are of both sexes, and there is marriage in heaven as well as on earth. Their beatitudes of spiritual conjugal love may be reckoned up to many thousands." How is this consistent with our Lord's words, *In the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven?* Matt. xxii. 30.

"The angels are not always in the same state, with regard to love and wisdom. Sometimes their love is

intense, sometimes not. When it is lowest, they may be said to be in the shade and in the cold, as their brightness is obscured, and their state unjoyous. They are eclipsed and in a joyless state; otherwise they would be carried away by self-love."

What can the angels in heaven be "carried away by self-love!" Then they may drop into hell.

"The angels of the highest heaven are naked, because they are in perfect innocence." (I thought all the angels had been in perfect innocence!) "The next in flamed-coloured robes, the lower in white."

"The angels of an inferior heaven cannot converse with those of the superior. Neither can they see them when they look up, their heaven being veiled as it were, with a dark mist. Nor can the superior angels converse with them, without being deprived of their wisdom.

"Divine influx passes from God to man through his forehead: from the lower angels, all round from his forehead and temples; from the highest angels through the back part of his head."

26. It would be tedious to point out the particular oddities and absurdities in the preceding account. It may suffice to remark in general, that it contains nothing sublime, nothing worthy the dignity of the subject. Most of the images are low and mean, and earthly, not raising, but sinking the mind of the reader: representing the very angels of God in such a light, as might move us not to worship, but despise them. And there is a grossness and coarseness in his whole description of the invisible world, which I am afraid will exceedingly tend to confirm rational infidels in a total disbelief of it.

[*To be continued.*]

*An Extract from A SURVEY of the WISDOM of GOD in
the CREATION.*

[Continued from page 221.]

On RESPIRATION.

RESPIRATION is performed by receiving the air into the lungs, and breathing it out alternately. In the former, the cavity of the breast is enlarged, by the sinking of the diaphragm, and the erection of the ribs, through the force of the muscles placed between them. In the latter, it is contracted, the diaphragm rising and the ribs falling again. Whenever the cavity of the breast is enlarged, the air, by its weight, naturally presses into it, and mixing with the blood in the vessels of the lungs, makes it more fluid, globular, and fit for motion. Air is likewise absolutely necessary in the body, to counter-act the pressure of the outward air.

But if the blood in the lungs of a foetus has not the advantage of respiration, it receives a portion of air, transmitted with its mother's blood by the umbilical vessels, to be diffused through the body. This is quite necessary, as appears hence: tie the navel string very tight, and the child dies, like a man strangled.

One use of respiration is, to push the blood from the right to the left ventricle of the heart. Hence it is that persons strangled so suddenly die, because, with respiration, the circulation of the blood ceases. And this is the true cause of the diastole of the heart: the weight of the incumbent atmosphere, being the true antagonist to all the muscles, that serve both for inspiration and the contraction of the heart. As in the elevation of the ribs, a passage is opened for the blood into the lungs, so in the depression thereof, by the subsiding of the lungs and compression of the blood-vessels thereby, the blood is driven through the pulmonary

vein, into the left ventricle of the heart. And this, together with the general compression of the body, by the weight of the atmosphere, is that power which causes the blood to mount in the veins, when the force impressed on it by the heart is nearly spent, and which forces the heart itself from its natural state of contraction, to that of dilation.

When in an ordinary expiration, the pressure on the larynx is two ounces, the pressure on the whole internal substance of the lungs, is 14412 pounds. So vast is the extent of the surface of the vesicles, on which it was necessary the blood should be spread in the finest capillary vessels, that each globule of blood might as it were, immediately receive the whole force of the air, and thereby be broken into smaller parts, fit for secretion and circulation.

And hence we see the reason for the structure of the lungs. For since all the blood is to pass through them, in order to receive the effect of the air, and that this could not be done, unless it were diffused in very small vessels: it was necessary the surface on which they were to be spread, should be proportioned to their number. And this is admirably well provided for, by the fabric of the lungs.

If the diameter of the trachea at the time of every expiration were the same in all, and the weight of the air always equal, the pressure on the lungs would be always the same. But as the difference between its least and greatest gravity, is no less than a tenth part of the whole, that pressure is likewise greater by a tenth part at some times than it is at others.

This is a difference which the asthmatic must sensibly feel; especially as they breathe thicker, that is, every expiration is performed in less time. In truth, these feel a difference in the air, upon the greatest rise and fall of the barometer, equal to above one third of its pressure in ordinary breathing.

The alternate dilation and contraction of the thorax are so necessary to animal life, that there is no animal

life without this, or something analogous to it. Fishes and insects have no dilatable thorax. But fishes have gills, which receive and expel the water alternately, whereby the blood-vessels suffer the same alterations of dimension as those in our lungs do. And insects have air-vessels distributed through the whole trunk of their bodies. By these they communicate with the external air through several vent-holes, to which are fastened so many wind-pipes, which send branches to all parts, and seem to accompany the blood-vessels all over the body, as they do in our lungs only. And hereby in every inspiration the whole body is dilated, and in every expiration compressed.

But may it not be doubted, whether the primary end of respiration be not to supply the whole animal machine with the ethereal fire, a particle of which is connected with every particle of air? Is not this detached from it by the action of the lungs, and thence communicated to every part of the body? And is not this the true vital flame, the original source of life and motion?

[To be continued.]



An Account of the late Mr. CHARLES GREENWOOD, of London, who died Feb. 20, 1783.

[Concluded from page 233.]

HE continued in this blessed frame (interrupted only by intervals of sleep, from which he generally awoke with, "Praise! praise the Lord!") till two o'clock on Wednesday morning, when taking a little wine, he had such difficulty in swallowing it, that those about him concluded he could not continue many hours. Upon this the family was called up, whom he received

with most affectionate looks; but yet as one who had done with all below: which he had frequently, in his last illness, declared he had. On striving again to take a little wine, he said, "I have lost all relish for earthly meats and drinks, and can taste only the wine of the kingdom." Some friends coming to see him in the forenoon, he witnessed a good confession to each of them, though he spoke with great caution: and more than once said, "I hope no advantage will be taken of my weakness, if I should not express myself quite right: but God knows my heart."

In the afternoon he took leave of his children in a most solemn and affectionate manner. To his eldest son he said, "The Lord bless you, my dear! and may he guide and direct you in all things. Watch and pray!" And on seeing him much affected, he said, "O do not! I cannot bear that now. Beware of the world. It is a deceitful world." To his youngest son he said, "God bless Josiah! and make him like the good Josiah of old. O give your heart to God! your whole heart; your whole life: in short, Give all for All; and you shall have all." He then spoke to his youngest niece, and advised her to give herself to God. He then kissed them all, and on their withdrawing, endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, saying, "He giveth his beloved sleep." In the evening, when a friend came in, he said, "I gave myself and every thing up to the Lord, when you were here last, and it has been all tranquillity since. I have no fear; no doubt of any kind." He then prayed most fervently that we might all be so united here, as to unite for ever in praising God, and in loving him and each other. "And we shall, said he, we shall meet again, and live for ever." His eldest niece now passing by the bed, he said, to her and us, "My Polly! my sister! my love!" On Polly's going to him, he kissed her, and prayed most affectionately for her. He then said again, "My sister." On my going to him, he bore a dying testimony to our friendship, that it had been in Jesus, and

for Jesus, and that we should both live *with* Jesus for ever. He then called his wife, and took leave of her in a most affectionate manner: and witnessed to the piety and faithfulness of their union, and that it would last to all eternity.

On seeing his dissolution drawing near, he said, "My flesh and my heart are failing; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever! for ever! O Jesus! sweet, lovely Jesus!

He comes! and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ is mine."

On one telling him that now he proved the truth of the promises, "O yes," said he; "the covenant of his peace shall not be removed. I am all peace; all tranquillity! I fear no evil. The Lord is my shepherd—I have no fear! I feel no pain! my pain is gone!" (though he was convulsed for twelve hours before his death.) On one saying, Jesus is all: "O yes, said he: Jesus is all! Praise him! praise him! O I see beyond description!" He then cried out,

"For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!"

He then asked a friend if he had any thing very dreadful to pass through in the article of death? "Not," said he, "that I fear any thing; but I should be glad to know." On her saying, Jesus is with you, and will be with you, he replied, "Yes, Jesus is with me, and will be with me!" and then cried out, "Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly! The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!" The room being full of friends; one of them said, You can bless the Lord who has brought you to this moment, to witness this good confession! "O yes, said he, and the Spirit witnesseth in my heart *of things not lawful to utter*: even such as eye hath not seen!" Again repeating, "Come Lord Jesus! come

quickly!" Then nature being exhausted, with the word "Praise" on his faltering tongue, he sunk down, and fell asleep in Jesus.

O what a soul-transporting sight
Mine eyes to-day have seen!
A spectacle of strange delight,
To angels and to men.

See there, ye unbelieving race,
The wisdom from above;
Behold in that pale, smiling face,
The pow'r of him we love.

The glory, while he lays it down,
Shines through the sinking clay,
And lo! without a parting groan,
The Christian wings his way.

Without a groan the Christian dies,
But not without a word;
On me, on me, he loudly cries,
To follow to the Lord.

He calls me by my worthless name,
My soul he beckons home;
And lo! in Jesu's hands I am,
And lo! I quickly come.

J. T.



An Account of a wild Man, given by M. Le Roy.

IN 1774, a wild man was discovered by the shepherds in the neighbourhood of Yuary. This man, who inhabited the rocks near a forest, was very tall, covered with hair, like a bear, very nimble and of a gay humour. He neither did, nor seemed to intend harm to any body. He often visited the cottages, without ever attempting to carry off any thing. He had no knowledge of bread, milk, or cheese. His greatest amusement was to see the sheep running, and to scatter them: and he testified his pleasure at this sight by louds fits of

laughter; but never attempted to hurt them. When the shepherds (as was frequently the case) let loose their dogs after him, he fled with the swiftness of an arrow, and never allowed the dogs to come too near him. One morning he came to the cottage of some workmen, and one of them endeavouring to catch him by the leg, he laughed heartily, and then made his escape. He seemed to be about thirty years of age. As the forest is very extensive, and has a communication with a vast wood that belongs to the Spanish territories, it is natural to suppose that this solitary, but cheerful creature had been lost in his infancy, and had subsisted on herbs.

A strange Account.

JOHAN TAYLOR, of *Bewdley*, in *Worcestershire*, a young man, about three and twenty years old, lived utterly without God in the world, till on Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1783, he was drinking at one *Thomas Pountney's* house, to such excess, that he was much disordered. The landlord observing this, refused to draw him any more ale. He then, after many oaths and imprecations upon himself, rose up to go away. But as he was going out of the door, he dropped down. *Thomas Pountney* being near, caught him; he was stiff as a dead man, his eyes set wide open, and his teeth quite closed. They laid him upon a bed. He soon began to grind his teeth, while his face was distorted, and he was convulsed all over: and that so violently, that it was as much as four persons could do to hold him. Twice indeed, for a little space, he shewed a composed and quiet countenance. But after a short time, the violent convulsions, and all other symptoms returned. Thus he continued, from nine o'clock on Tuesday

night, till seven on Thursday evening. He then came to himself, but being unable to speak, made signs for a pen and ink, and having wrote, "Take me home to die," presently fainted away. He was removed home, but could not compose himself to sleep for a fortnight, which together with the terror that still remained upon his mind, reduced his body to the most deplorable state of weakness that can be imagined.

Mr. *Hanby* (who took the account from his mouth, on February the 25th) asked him, Whether he remembered being at *Thomas Pountney's*? He said, "I perfectly remember every circumstance, till the moment that I fell down, as I was going out of the door." But what became of you then said Mr. *Hanby*? "As soon as I dropped down, said he, I fell into a dreadful, deep pit, and when I came to the bottom, I was seized by many devils; who rejoiced over me, and dragged me away: I struggled with them in the greatest agonies, while they were pushing and hauling me, to get me into the fire." I asked him, What fire he meant? He said, "The fire is a vast mountain; I could see no end of it. I seemed to be thirty or forty yards from it. The devils strove to drag me to it, but they could not move me from the place that they dragged me to at first." Did you see any persons in the fire, or hear any remarkable noise? "I saw no persons; but I heard the most dreadful screams and lamentations." How did the place upon which you stood appear? "As black as pitch, with a darkness peculiar to itself, so that I could see nothing but the devils that surrounded me, and the world of fire before me." But did you feel any pain? At this question he fell a trembling, turned pale, and seemed to be struck with an universal horror. When he could speak he said, "O yes! I felt such misery, pain and anguish, that had I been in possession of the whole world, I would have given it for a moment's ease." How long do you suppose you remained there? "O, a long time; till an angel came, at whose appearance the devils fled, and I found myself perfectly easy and

wonderfully happy." The angel said, "Your wickedness has brought you to this place." I followed him a little way: but he then left me, and the devils came again with dreadful yells, and dragged me back to the place I was at before. They strove again to push me into the fire. But I struggled; and they were not suffered to prevail. In what forms did the devils appear? "Many of them appeared like bears, lions, and other wild beasts." How long do you suppose you were tormented a second time? He answered, with the same emotion as before, "O, a great while! But the angel came again, and the moment I saw him, the tormentors fled, and I felt no pain at all; till he gave me up to be tormented a third time, and then my tormentors returned, and all my pain and anguish returned, with the same violence as before." How long in all do you imagine you remained in this place of torment? "It seemed to me to be five or six years." How dreadful must that pain be, which though it really lasted not two days, appeared to endure so many years. O what must those pains be, when continued to all eternity!

Did the angel appear any more? "He did, and to my unspeakable joy, not only the devils fled away, but I was permitted to follow him to the very gates of heaven. Yea, and to look into it." Did you see any persons there? "I saw transparent persons, very beautiful and glorious, and heard them sing in a manner I cannot describe. This I heard long before I came to the gates. I would fain have gone in, but the angel told me, I must go back and tell my brethren what I had seen." I said, "And must I leave my good angel." In saying these words his spirit returned.

Since that time he is greatly changed, attends all the ordinances of God, and has left the company of all his wicked acquaintance. But he seems still ignorant of *the power of Religion*.—This is a mystery indeed! It is well if the last end of this man be not worse than the first!

Account of a strange PHENOMENON.

SUCH a phenomenon as that which was lately near *Madeley*, happened in the year 1596, at *Cockbam-Hill*, in the parish of *Westram*, in *Kent*. On Dec. 18, part of two closes, lying together (only separated by a standing hedge of hollies, ashes, hazels, willows, and elders growing thereon) sunk down-right, six feet and a half; in length, twelve perches. On the 19th, it had sunk sixteen feet more. On the 20th, it had sunk at least eighty feet more; and then from that day forward, a great trench of ground, lying partly in these two closes, and partly in sundry others, containing in length about eight perches, and in breadth, in some places twenty-eight; and where it was narrowest twelve perches, began, with the trees and hedges thereon, to loosen itself wholly from the rest of the ground lying about it, and to move, slide, and shoot forward, not with any sudden shot, but creeping by little and little; so slowly that the motion thereof was not discerned by those that were standing upon it, or working about it, but only by the sudden effects that followed; such as the cracking of the roots of trees, the brushing of boughs, the noise of the hedge-wood breaking, the gaping of the ground, the riving of the earth asunder; and the falling of the torn furrows, and huge trenches after it, some four feet deep, some six, some seven, and some more, whereby there were made in it at least eleven thousand furrows, riffs, cracks, and clefts in divers places.

This moving of the ground continuing both by night and by day, for the space of eleven days, sliding a-slant, sometimes fourteen handfuls by measure in one hour and a half, wonderfully altered and changed the whole face of the land; for in some places the hinder ground coming faster forward than the former, caused it to swell up in round hillocks like unto graves, the green turf remaining whole and unbroken. In other

places the hinder ground came so violently, that it not only tore the green turf, but also rose and lifted itself up, and rolled and tumbled above the other, as it were waves and surges, and so staid as standing butts. And at last the whole plat of ground was so troubled, torn, and rent, and withal the green turf so tattered and turned up-side down, that scarce a perch together of all this ground was left whole with the grass upon it uncracked.

An Epitaph near Port-Royal, in Jamaica.

HERE lieth the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq. who died the 22d of September 1739, aged 80. He was born at *Montpellier*, in *France*, which place he left for his religion,* and settled in this island; where, in the great earthquake in 1692, he was swallowed up, and by the great Providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming, till he was taken up by a boat, and miraculously preserved. He afterwards lived in great reputation, and was universally lamented when he died.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

A Young farmer, who lived at *Belton* near *Epworth*, in *Lincolnshire*, about the year 1720, being at breakfast in his house, started up, and cried, "I must go into the barn!" One asked him, "For what?" He said, "I cannot tell:" and ran away with his knife in his hand. The first thing he saw, when he came

* He was a Protestant.

into it, was his father, who had just hanged himself on one of the beams. He immediately cut him down; took him in his arms; brought him into the house, and laid him on a bed. It was not long before he came to himself. He then looked upon his son, and said, "Now God has requited me? Three and twenty years ago I cut down my own father, who had hanged himself on that very beam!"



TRUE GENEROSITY.

MR. *St. George*, of *Athlone*, in *Ireland*, a gentleman of large estate, but deeply mortgaged, was in *Queen Ann's* war, a Lieutenant-colonel, under the Duke of *Marlborough*. As he had signalized himself on several occasions, it was universally expected, when the colonel of the regiment was killed, that Mr. *St. George* would succeed him. But the regiment was given to another, which so affronted him, that he threw up his commission.

His father had left one natural son, who was a captain in the same regiment. But the colonel would have no intercourse with him, and would never own him, but forbade him his house. A day or two after he had thrown up his commission, a servant came in and told him, "Sir, Captain *St. George* is without, and begs to speak with you." "Tell the fellow, said the colonel, I will not see him:" but while he spoke, in came the captain. "So, sir, said the colonel, what do you want with me?" He replied, "Sir, I hear you have been very ill used?" "Well, sir, and what is that to you?" He answered, "Sir, you have a large family, and your estate is encumbered. I beg you would accept of my commission, which I have brought you." "And what then will you do yourself?" "Carry a brown musket as I did before." The colonel caught

him in his arms, and cried out, "Thou art a *St. George*: thou art my brother!" And from that time there was no more strangeness, but the most perfect amity between them.

A PROVIDENTIAL EVENT.

THE forty king's scholars at *Westminster-school* lodge in one room, which is called *the dormitory*. While my eldest brother was at school, the head boy cried out vehemently one morning, "Lads! Lads! You oversleep yourselves! You lie too late. It is time to be at school." They all started up, dressed as quick as they could, and ran down with him. When they came into the cloisters, one who was a little before the rest, saw something white, and cried out, "What have we got here?" They went up to it, and found a man stark-naked, and so benumbed that he could not speak. Just then the clock struck two. They took him up, carried him into the dormitory, and put him into a warm bed. After some rest, he recovered his senses and speech: and being asked, How he came into that condition? he told them, As he was coming over Chelsea-Fields, he was robbed by two footpads, who then stripped him stark-naked, tied him neck and heels, and threw him into a ditch. There he must have perished, but that some young women coming to market very early in the morning, heard him groan, and going to the ditch, untied him and then ran away. He made toward the town as well as he could; till being unable to walk any farther, he crept into the cloisters upon his hands and feet, where he lay till the king's scholars came. Probably in an hour or two he would have expired. After he had slept some hours, they gave him something warm to drink: then one gave him a shirt, another a coat or waistcoat, others what they

could spare, till they had clothed him from head to foot. They then collected for him among themselves about forty shillings, and wished him well home.

See the wisdom of God, making the sport of a boy the means of saving a poor man's life!

J. W.

*A short Account of the Death of ELIZABETH MARSH,
and two others.*

Sept. 6, 1744.

I Committed to the dust the remains of *Elizabeth Marsh*, a young woman who had received a sense of the pardoning love of God about four years before her death, and had never left her first love. She had scarce known health or ease from that hour. But she never murmured nor repined at any thing. I saw her many times after she was confined to her bed; and found her always quiet and calm, always cheerful, praising God in the fires; though longing to depart and to be with Christ. I could not learn that her mind was ever clouded, no, not a moment from the beginning of her illness. But a few days before she died, she told me, "I am concerned: I spoke a hasty word to-day. One told me, You shall recover within ten days. And I said, "I do not want to recover." A little before her speech failed, she beckoned one to her, and said, "Go, and tell *Molly Brown* from me, she must come back to Mr. *Wesley*. I have not breath to speak to her myself; but do you tell her, she *must* come back." She had lost her voice when I prayed with her the last time, and commended her soul to God. But

"Her eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak."

A little after, she recovered her speech, and said, "To me, to die is gain. I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil."

I could only speak a few words at her grave. But when I returned to the *Foundery*, God made his word as a flame of fire. I spoke from that passage in the Revelations, *And one of the elders said unto me, What are these who are arrayed in white robes; and whence came they? And I said, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

A young man, servant to Mrs. Clark, of Newington, went home deeply affected. The next day he was taken ill, and every day grew worse; so that when I came to the house on Monday the 10th (though I knew nothing of him, or of his illness before) he was just gasping for breath. It was a melancholy sight. Both his words and his eyes "witnessed huge affliction and dismay." Death stared him in the face. And he knew not God. He could but just say, "For God's sake pray for me."

John Nelson coming in, we asked life for our brother, in full confidence of the promise. All this day as his illness, so his terrors increased. But the next day God gave him life from the dead. He told me, "Now I am not afraid to die: for I know that God loves me. I did not use to love you or your people: but now I love you as my own soul. I love you all: I know you are the people of God; and I am just going to him." He continued praising God as long as he could speak, and when he could not, his eyes were fixed upwards. Between one and two on Wednesday morning he cried out, "I have lost my God! Where is he? I cannot see him." But he soon recovered himself and said, "Now I have found him: and I shall lose him no more." About seven I prayed with him, and praised God on his behalf; and not long after, he fell asleep.

Friday 14. I performed the last office (according to his desire) over his body, which was interred in the presence of a vast multitude of people, at a small distance from that of *Elizabeth Marsh*.

Sunday 16. I buried near the same place, one who had soon finished her course, going to God in the full assurance of faith; when she was little more than four years old. In her last sickness (having been deeply serious in her behaviour for several months before) she spent all the intervals of her convulsions, in speaking of, or to, God. And when she perceived her strength to be near exhausted, she desired all the family to come near, and prayed for them all, one by one; then for her ministers, for the church, and for all the world. A short time after, recovering from a fit, she lifted up her eyes, and said, "Thy kingdom come," and died.

J. W.

Letters.

LETTER XXI.

[From Mrs. J. V. to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Purfleet, Aug. 20, 1767.

Rev. Sir,

THE recollection of God's goodness to me, in bringing me to the knowledge and love of himself, through the remission of my sins, excites my continued thankfulness; but more especially in that he has given me to hear and receive the *whole* truth.

Soon after I was justified, the war between grace and nature became so violent, that I saw, if there was no farther deliverance, I must grow faint in my mind. All within me cried aloud for what you taught to be attainable. I fought it with strong cries and tears. In the mean while, I received, now and then, draughts of the brook by the way: but they did not remove the pain, but strengthened me still to undergo it. It was not long

before I found Him whom my soul loved. On Friday, Aug. 29, 1766, the Holy Ghost separated sin from my heart. In an extasy I cried out, "Lord, thou hast given me my desire over mine enemies: I trust I shall see them no more for ever." I then fell upon my face and cried, "O Jesus! all this is the purchase of thy death. I glory in thee. O my beloved, how wonderful has been thy love to me!"

But in a few days I began to reason, and in much distress cried unto the Lord. He answered me, "Lo this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sins are purged." I was happy; but soon again began to doubt. The Lord remarkably answered me, "If thou wilt not believe, thou shalt not be established." I stood reproved. But soon doubted again for a short season. After this, till about the 20th of November I could say, "Truly the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin." When I was taken ill, and expected to die, my joy was unspeakable. I saw the blessed Jesus ready to receive me, and cried out, the love of God will kill me: the vessel must break; it is too much; I cannot contain myself. A short time after, whilst I was in prayer, the Lord said, "Gad, a troop, shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last." That very day it began to be fulfilled, I entered into temptation. None but the Almighty knows what I went through for near six months. Indeed it was a troop that attacked me. I felt temptations to the sins of my natural state. O how did the hellish hounds gnaw me! Horrid visions on my bed; and a kind of despair all the day long. Yet in all my misery, I saw God was love, and that I loved him. Let it suffice that I say, I would scarce for the kingdom of heaven, undergo the same again; yet if it is the Lord's will, I am content.

Whenever I opened the scripture it shook me to pieces; till I hardly durst read it or any other book; and though I continued visiting the sick, making opportunities to speak to souls; sparing none that I met or overtook on the road; yet I was tormented with,

“Cast the unprofitable servant into outer darkness.” I was also tormented with the fear of losing my senses, and wrote to a friend to know whether there had been ever such an instance.

On the 4th of May I was seized with a fever. My temptations ceased; and as my fever increased, so did my comforts. On the 16th and 17th, I expected to die, and had great assurances of salvation: yet I had continual assaults of the enemy. The next morning, whilst I was in meditation, this text was applied, “I will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed upon me.” On this, I was filled with peace. No fears now troubled me. My fever was extreme, but I had a glorious view of paradise. Never did I imagine it possible for a soul to be so divested of fear, at the seeming approach of death. What I asked, I was fully satisfied the Lord granted: indeed, he gave me to overcome at the last. And I believe I shall finally overcome and finish my course with joy. I find the ways of God to be ways of pleasantness. I go upon my knees, believing what I ask; and find my eyes water when I say, O God, thou art *my* God! O God, thou art love! My God and my all! I speak to him in great simplicity. I am conscious I walk upon holy ground. I am overpowered with shame when in prayer. I feel more and more the need I have of Christ, and live in momentary dependence on him. I see that if Christ leaves me but one moment, I shall be a devil. Without him I can do nothing; and after I have done all, I am an unprofitable servant.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and obliged Servant,

J. V.

LETTER XXII.

[From Mrs. J. H. to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Beverly, Jan. 27, 1769.

Rev. Sir,

IN the midst of all my trials, my heart is filled with joy. I have my conversation in heaven. I feel a deeper communion with God than ever, and a clearer sight of the Invisible. Yet I pant after more. I want more humility, more resignation, and more faith and patience, that my heart may be more and more filled with love. Sometimes I am so carried out with love to God, and my fellow-mortals, that I am almost out of myself. I can see nothing here worth my staying for; but I desire patiently to wait till my change shall come: till then, may I continually grow in grace, that I may be a vessel unto honour. I hope you will still bear an unworthy worm on your mind. For I believe the prayers of the faithful will avail much, for your Friend and Servant,

J. H.

LETTER XXIII.

[From Mrs. J. V. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Purfleet, Feb. 25, 1769.

Rev. Sir,

MRS. S. having for some months wrestled against the world, the flesh, and the devil, last Thursday se'nnight was reduced to the utmost extremity. The enemy told her he would destroy her before night; but he was found a liar. She went in distress to sister O—, and told her her case. They besought the

Lord, who was intreated of them, and she rose up much eased. On Mrs. O——'s pressing her to venture her soul upon Christ, she replied, "I *will* venture upon him, and I believe he will not deceive me." That instant the Lord broke in upon her soul, and made himself known to her as her Saviour. They praised God together most of the day. In the afternoon she came to tell me the tidings. It being our meeting-night, the Lord made the word sweet to her, and she went home praising God.

As to Mrs. O—— herself, she was justified soon after she joined the society, and never lost the light of God's countenance. He graciously visited her with such manifestations of his presence, that she has been constrained to go out of the room on meeting-nights, to give vent to her soul. Her past life has been quiet, harmless, and inoffensive; and she has had continual desires after God: but never had an opportunity to hear the truth till she came to this place. As to the things of God, she is well instructed. Her language shews she is taught of him. She is simple, teachable, thankful, and loves the means of grace.

She came to me yesterday and told me, the Lord had made her pure in heart. We praised the Lord together. When she was gone, I thought, how is it that she has been so blest, in so short a time? But I remembered it is written, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own?" Yes, Lord, and I rejoice in the prosperity of thy servants; and I rejoice that thou hast made me an instrument of good to them! But I chiefly rejoice, not that the spirits are subject unto me; but, rather, that my name is written in heaven!

I remain, dearest Sir,

Your unworthy Son in the gospel,

J. V.

L E T T E R XXIV.

[From Mr. Henry Ince, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Gibraltar, April 3, 1769.

Rev. Sir,

AT our first coming to this place, I found a people of such abominable practices, as I never before had seen. However, I and two or three more took a room to meet in, and we were soon joined by some of the royal Scotch: but this continued only a short time; the reason was, they would not allow your hymns to be sung, neither your works to be read. Upon this I was obliged to declare, that while I could get any of your writings to make use of, I would use them; since I had found them agreeable to the word of God. And as God gave me a word to speak, I cared not who heard, so he might be glorified. On this many were offended, and separated from us. Yet, in about two months, we were thirty-seven in number, till a little persecution came, then we were reduced to about eighteen. But, blessed be God! he is reviving his work again. We are now thirty-two, fifteen of whom can rejoice in the pardoning love of God, and most of the others are pressing hard after it. Several officers come to hear, and God gives us favour in the sight of all men. There is one gentleman of the town who has joined us lately, and is a very great help to us.

As to myself, God is ever gracious to me, who am less than the least of his children. I am astonished that he should work by me! O, that I may be found faithful unto death! and that he may carry on his work in this barren place! So prays your unworthy Friend,

H. INCE.

Poetry.

*On the DEATH of Mr. B. who died on Sunday,
April 23, 1782.*

HAPPY the follower of his Lord,
Call'd, and indulg'd in him to die,
To gain a full, immense reward,
Bestow'd by Jesus in the sky!
He rests from all his labours there,
Pursu'd by all his works of love;
And waits for us the joy to share
Triumphant with our friends above.

Then let us cheerfully pursue
Our comrade, to that heav'nly land,
And keep, like him, our end in view,
And love, like him, our Lord's command:
Obedient both in word and deed,
By works his genuine faith he show'd;
Rejoic'd in Jesu's steps to tread,
And spent his life in doing good.

Affliction's kind, unfailing friend,
He wisely us'd his growing store,
And priz'd his privilege to lend
To God, by giving to the poor:
The Lord his lib'ral servant bless'd,
Who paid him back the blessings given;
And still the more his wealth increas'd,
More treasure he laid up in heav'n.

Through life inviolably just,
He his integrity maintain'd
Most strictly faithful to his trust,
An upright man of truth unfeign'd;
His rough, but honest soul abhorr'd
The polish smooth, the courtier's art,

And free from guile in ev'ry word,
He spoke the language of his heart.

Who always liberal things devis'd,
By liberal things he firmly stood,
Sincerely lov'd his friends and priz'd,
Their burdens bore, and fought their good :
But chiefly those to Jesus dear,
Who travell'd to that land of rest ;
As brethren intimately near,
He cherish'd in his gen'rous breast.

A man of passions like to ours,
For years he groan'd beneath his load,
And wrestled with the adverse pow'rs,
And look'd to the atoning blood !
The blood which once his pardon bought,
Did here the contrite sinner save ;
And all his faults are now forgot,
Are buried in his Saviour's grave.

Altered from a celebrated SONG.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
And while they warble from each spray,
'Tis gratitude inspires the lay ;
Let us, *Eliza*, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
In pious works employ the day,
And join at night, to praise and pray.
For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this, thy vivid sense will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade ;
Improving time will then be o'er,
Youth's vigour then will aid no more ;
Seize, seize the moments as they fly,
And gain a blest eternity.